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From his private collection

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THE
ART
OF
FISHING.

A Poem.

BY
T. W. CHABLETON, R. N.

*Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnis ;
Flumina amem, silvasque inglorius :*

VIRGIL GEORG.

NORTH SHIELDS :
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1819.

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The Art
OF
FISHING.



HAIL! gentle Naïds, lend your aid,
Ye who on Eden's banks have strayed
Have tasted pleasures ripe ;
Describe the subjects of your bliss,
Point out your varied happiness,
Each scene of Naïd-life.

Thou, Polyhymnia, fertile maid !
Who of the nine alone not said,
To handle every theme ;
Kindly assist the novice bard,
Pass not thy suppliant unheard,
But help to plan his scheme.

A

The pleasing solitary joys
 The calm retreat from civic noise,
 Of Angling, rich delight !
 I sing ; the balm of care and grief,
 Dull melancholy's best relief,
 That ugly bird of night.

Angling begins with early spring,
 When the gay huntsmen cease to ring
 Thro' woods with cheering hound :
 When woodcocks leave this happy Isle,
 Traverse the seas with tedious toil,
 To seek their native ground.

Concludes not 'till the ripened grain,
 Spreads its rich bounty o'er the plain,
 And to the sickle yields ;
 'Till the loud fluttering partridge rear
 To full-fledged covies their young care,
 The feather'd game of fields.

But, rightly to relate each part,
 All the grand secrets of this art,
 Lend thou, kind muse, thy skill ;

Instruct me to unfold the whole,
 With fertile thought inspire my soul,
 And dictate to my quill.

The various flies shall first display
 Their different dresses, neat and gay,
 With which they lure the trout ;
 Their curious history we'll unfold,
 Relate what's been by record told,
 And trace their story out.

Flies, by kind nature were design'd,
 As food unto the finny kind,
 Hence gradually appear ;
 Not all at once, in one month's space,
 For so they'd cloy the scaly race,
 But throughout half the year.

On different trees they mostly breed,
 On leaves and tender buds they feed,
 The sun their common friend ;
 When he retreats they cease to fly,
 But, when he mounts the eastern sky,
 His summons they attend.

6

Hast thou e'er seen the Highland trains,
Pour from the hills upon the plains,
Adorn'd in varied plaid?
So on the streams, from lofty bowers,
These insects stoop, in crowding showers,
With various colours clad.

Nor do they to the waters fly,
Purely to take the fish's eye,
For trout a destined prey.
Their hunger quell'd upon the trees,
The streams their craving thirst appease
Twice each returning day.

But as mankind, through thirst of gain,
Traverse in ships th' unbounded main,
And seldom thence return;
So flies, to slake their thirst, repair,
Down to the streams from midway air,
The streams oft prove their turn.

Full twice twelve killing flies there are,
Which to describe shall be my care,
Their shape, their dress, their size :

How Angler's form their every part,
 How from the hand of dextrous art,
 These mimic insects rise.

Their times of watering, when they go
 From tops of trees to streams below,
 And when march off to feed :
 The seasons too, when each takes place,
 That first allures the finny race,
 And then retires to breed.

For an old artist, much renown'd,
 For skill in Angling, lately found,
 That several flies give birth,
 To other flies of different hue ;
 And thus in various robes renew,
 Their former state on earth.

Kind nature thus with tender care,
 Fresh dainties deigning to prepare,
 For the shy trout's nice taste :
 Or else from plundering man to guard,
 With varied food the scaly herd,
 By frequent changing feast.

'The black and blae with March comes in,
 Dubb'd with the fur of black dog's skin,
 And water rats blae down ;
 For wings snipe' hackles far excel,
 Blue silk its rib can mimic well,
 From some fair damsel's gown.

This from the bramble claims its birth,
 The bramble humblest shrub on earth,
 Not so its offspring fly ;
 For with the reddish brown it vies,
 And in its watery victories,
 Shares always equally.

On the same line the reddish brown,
 T' allure with like success is known,
 The destin'd trouts quick eye ;
 Dubb'd with the reddest fox's side,
 And brown swine hair with madder dyed,
 A certain killing fly.

The wings of mottled partridge tail
 Or woodcock's hackle never fail,
 With ribs of copper dye :

Or with dark woodcock wings unite,
 Red game cock hackle fed for fight,
 Which mimic well this fly.

This reaches to the largest size
 Of any that are call'd trout flies,
 To fern its being owes ;
 Is too a fly of hardy kind,
 And braves the cold or stormy wind,
 Fierce hail or driving snow.

The dark blae next brings up his corps,
 Presents his myriads in a shower,
 Array'd in gloomy hue :
 Dubb'd with the house rats blaest hair,
 And dark snipe' hackles cull'd with care,
 With ribs of darkest blue.

Then the light blae adjoins the trains,
 And ample vengeance often gains,
 O'er trouts for lying waste,
 Her numerous corps ; the rats light blae,
 With ribs of light blue silk agree,
 To please the fish's taste.

With wings from grey (cock) plover pull'd,
Or light snipe' hackles neatly cull'd,

This fly like fate, can kill;
Moves with the dark blae hand in hand,
And thins the num'rous scaly band,
In March and April.

These from the sloethorn, claim their birth,
And both can boast intrinsic worth,
When link'd in friendship dear;
And though their season's in the spring,
Yet they both serve with fatal wing,
Throughout the fisher's year.

For pow'rful squadrons fam'd we see,
Next in the train the brown and blae,
Come sailing on the wind;
Of dark snipe wing and rat blae hair,
With fox's fen conjoin'd with care,
A killing fly in kind.

From alders this its birth does claim,
Shrubs but of inferior fame,
Is with the hare lug join'd;

These two are of a hardy class,
 And in their feats most flies surpass,
 With powerful force combin'd.

The hare lug fly with mottl'd corps,
 Downwards descends in thickest showers,
 To trouts a dreadful foe ;
 With wings of snipe' and wild cat' skin
 Her hardy tribes the waters thin,
 Bright yellow ribs these two.

The hare lugs from the sloethorn flies,
 Illustrious parents ! claim their rise,
 To trouts a fatal breed :
 And with the alder fly come on,
 Somewhat before kind April's moon,
 And on the sloethorn feed.

The dark brown next in course appears,
 Nor spring's severest weather fears,
 Its comrade the light brown ;
 With hare's face or the fox 'tis dress'd,
 With hackles from the gorecock's breast,
 A copper rib its own.

The light brown dress'd with young hare's face,
 A rib of yellow silk does grace,
 And mottl'd partridge' wing,
 Neither of these e'er fail to kill,
 Reign in the heart of April,
 And from the oak tree spring.

At the same time with speckl'd wings,
 Of partridge, the small copper springs,
 Of parentage unknown :
 (The reddish brown in miniature)
 And 'mongst the oak fly's thickest shower,
 The trouts allure alone.

On the same line in friendship's tie,
 Must hang the following fatal fly,
 Its parents too conceal'd ;
 Brown wings, red hackles, body brown,
 And yellow ribs combin'd, o'er run
 With death the watery field.

The black and red fly next take place,
 Sprung off the oak fly's royal race,
 Soft black dog's hair combin'd,

With red swine's down, and dark snipe' wings,
 A red silk rib : this early clings,
 Unto the oak tree rind.

The black and yellow next, its mate,
 Draws up its trains in princely state,
 Sprung from the red and black :
 Soft black dog's fur, and hare's leg dyed
 Of yellow hue, adorn'd with pride,
 Its rib of yellow make.

But, not to tire the reader's eye,
 With repetitions much too dry,
 Of dubbings various hue ;
 Such kinds, as are already known,
 We'll barely hint at, and pass on
 To such as yet are new.

Though first the various stains we'll tell,
 And various furs that most excel
 In mixtures when they're dyed ;
 Swine's down, seal's fur, and soft moe's hair,
 Tame rabbit's skins, lamb's tails prepare,
 With hare's hind legs beside.

Brown, yellow, blue, with purple bloom,
 Copper and red conspire the doom
 Of many a fated trout ;
 With dunnish yellow, reddish brown,
 Orange, dark copper rarely known,
 Will make your cargo out.

But let each various colour shine,
 And let each various fur combine,
 The hard with softest hair ;
 That in your mixtures you may place,
 The soft among the hard with grace,
 Such as each fly shall wear.

The blue and dunnish yellow moves
 Next in the train, from willow groves
 With plover's speckl'd wings ;
 Blue rat, and yellow ribs prepare,
 With dunnish yellow tanner's hair,
 These join'd produce great things.

The copper fly next cuts a flash,
 Descended from the mountain ash,
 Land rail its wings supplies ;

Copper well mix'd with purple hair,
 And orange rib 'tis known to wear,
 A beauteous race of flies.

This with the blae and yellow's join'd,
 On the same, floats in the wind,
 Performs its office well :
 These with the former pair come on,
 The streams relentless over run,
 At th' end of April.

The palm fly ushers in sweet May,
 Sprung from the sallow buds they say,
 From which it takes its name ;
 With white hair from the weezel's breast,
 With plover's wing and yellow dress'd,
 And ribs form'd of the same.

At the same time the orange springs,
 Deck'd with the drake's white mottl'd wings,
 And joins in friendship's tie ;
 Dark copper mix'd with orange hair,
 And orange ribs 'tis known to wear,
 And stoops from elms on high.

The primrose near the end of May,
 With troops bedeck'd in garments gay,
 Is from the primrose sprung :
 Bright yellow ribs, with yellow hair,
 And yellow mottl'd drake prepare
 Robes for the gay and young.

Hast thou ne'er seen in swampy ground,
 A field with yellow garlands crown'd,
 Composed of golden flowers?
 So with these flies adorn'd I've seen,
 Sweet Eden's streams (two woods between)
 In beauteous yellow showers.

The black fly next, that first takes life,
 And feeds on hawthorn, falls down ripe,
 In showers the streams along :
 Blue ribs and black dog's hair apply,
 With blackbird's wings; 'gainst trouts who's fly
 Draws up her negro throng.

Thus 'gainst his foes the Prussian drew
 His body guard, the valiant few
 Who'd fight to latest breath :

Who, through the field to spread dismay,
 Were clad in solemn black array,
 The regiment of death.

The black midge next with nimble pace
 And cocking wings, a dwindle'd race !

Does oft relentless kill :
 Sprung from the black fly's sooty breed
 And form'd like her, by some's decreed,
 To be the witch of Till.

Then next the sand fly, wondrous kind,
 In its right season you may find,
 Crawling on beds of sand ;
 Light blue and black this fly adorn,
 Blue ribs and dark snipe' wings are worn,
 Of flies a curious band.

This is a long small bodied fly,
 Its wings close to the body lie,
 And cross the deep it dives :
 With the black midge it comes on near,
 (Of May who both draw up the rear,)
 Cuts short the trouts' sweet lives.

The holm fly next with varied grace,
 And dark snipe' wings in June takes place,
 Like destiny destroys ;
 Red ribs, with black and blae, and red,
 Adorn this fly on holm trees bred,
 That thins the river's joys.

The cream fly next adorns the train,
 And from the ash tree stoops amain,
 With yellow ribs around ;
 With light fox hair and squirrel's breast,
 Light sterling or thrush wings 'tis dress'd,
 At the end of June is found.

The orange with her gaudy trains,
 Sprung from the cow plats on the plains,
 Next ushers in July :
 With ribs and hair of orange hue,
 Its showers are pompous to the view,
 Rail feathers wing this fly.

And last the ant fly's quaker garb,
 Emplis the hook's well pointed barb,
 With many a struggling trout :

Dark copper, orange, purple light,
 Rail wings, and orange ribs unite,
 This makes the number out.

This forms the rear and ends July,
 And is the industrious ant turn'd fly,
 Her state relax'd from care :
 Like her its shape is short uneven,
 'Tis us'd, alike the former seven,
 Alone on single hair.

Hast thou ne'er seen from off the stage,
 Actors retired, again engage,
 In the same scenes and place ?
 Just so, though disappear'd and gone,
 Return the gentle streams upon,
 These insects' varied race.

Not that they all return again,
 Only the eight first flies step in,
 To bid a last adieu :
 'Mong which the hackles brown and blaes,
 With yellow ribs, the earliest please,
 Of all the farewell few.

Besides these flies, the art of man,
 Has join'd to this destructive plan,
 Many an artful snare :

'Mong which the golden maggots shine,
 With which you use the longest line
 And fish with single hair.

These reign in June, July, and May,
 With magic art the trouts betray,
 When streams are very low :
 Are got from carrion struck with flies,
 Which best in some moist corner lies,
 By which they largest grow.

From the domestic hen remove,
 The embryo earnest of her love,
 The promise of her brood :
 Eggs in the boiling caldron's heat,
 By more than native fire concrete,
 Will prove their proper food.

First feed your maggots clean with bran,
 The largest of the crawling clan,
 Then bid your yolks in day :

Develop'd from their gummy cell,
 Stript of their beauteous shapen shell,
 Their yellow heels display.

Crush the gold orb and mince it small,
 Let fair division reach them all,

A wide mouth'd phial chuse;
 With hungry water's fragrant wave,
 The lucid vessel's inside lave,
 Here your new tenants house.

Thus fed and thus prepar'd, your crew
 Soon wear the beauteous golden hue,

The yellow yolk's gay shade :
 But soon they loose their reptile state,
 High diet spurs their alter'd fate,
 In stiffen'd vest array'd.

Maggots when Eden's tide is low,
 When his meak streams laborious flow,

With interrupted course ;
 Fix'd to the barb of a blae fly,
 With skill unerring you may try,
 Good fortune's certain source !

This scheme, for so replete is skill,
 With various shifts, you'll mimic well
 With buck-skin thick and new ;
 Or, to the end of a black fly,
 A cotton maggot neat apply,
 A scheme out done by few.

The cod bait next, alluring art,
 Found in a husk's interior part,
 In any brook or rill ;
 Spreads dire dismay through every stream,
 For numerous conquests, ample theme !
 Well knowing how to kill.

Next under stones in streams you'll find,
 The parent of the May fly kind,
 An ugly creeping band ;
 These and the cod bait you may try,
 Or like a branling or a fly,
 And like success command.

But, like a fly when these you use,
 Beneath a woodcock's wing you'll chuse,
 Light hackles that are large ;

And for the cod bait mottl'd drake,
 Or mottl'd teal that's light will take,
 Alike the finny charge.

The May fly next, from creepers sprung,
 Leads up her vast gigantic throng,
 From beds of tumbling stone ;
 For this with all their art, mankind,
 A mimic proxy ne'er could find,
 This reigns in May and June.

These, or like branling, or like fly,
 You may with like success apply,
 To take the scaly tribe ;
 The orange blae and yellow join'd,
 And creeper's wings with skill combin'd,
 Nearly this fly describe.

The pair of palmer flies we'll shew,
 The first a body black does know,
 Which silver ribs adorn ;
 About the cod bait's size 'tis found,
 And e'er with hackles brown around,
 Dark woodcock wings are worn.

The next gold ribs and body brown,
 The lightest woodcock's wings her own,
 Must black cock hackle wear ;
 Then after turbid floods succeed,
 Destruction thin the scaly breed,
 A fatal killing pair.

Another fly, the restless skill
 Of man has found, the trouts to kill,
 The insect-owl of night :
 The bustard, call'd a large white moth,
 Though some are white and yellow both,
 Of trouts the evil spright.

Alone of all the winged race,
 Unusual shades this insect grace,
 She has no peer beside ;
 For underneath her wings you see,
 A colour darker in degree,
 Than on the upper side.

White and deep yellow hair combin'd,
 Or white and orange neatly join'd,
 To mottl'd wings of drake ;

Or guinea feathers dark or light,
 Black bodies, silver ribs unite,
 The bustard fly will make.

This in July, or June, or May,
 Rules o'er the streams with boundless sway,
 Spreads wide tremendous fate :
 When sol in ocean hides his head,
 Then you 'gin deal destruction dread,
 Nor end till midnight late.

But as the waters are in size,
 So should in greatness be these flies,
 Adapted to the place :
 For Tweed you use a branling hook,
 Though here two sizes less have took,
 Sweet Eden's watery race.

But e'en in Eden, when you try
 In the deep pools, with this night fly,
 The branling hook you use :
 And as the waters shallower are,
 A smaller hook adapt with care,
 And finer tackle chuse.

In still deep rivers you must try,
 By bobbing with a well siz'd fly,
 Close by the vaulted bræ;
 Or o'er a bush, whose hollow root,
 Is rarely a large fin without,
 Here they securely stray.

Or in still burns this art you use,
 Whose muddy waves the light refuse,
 Whose streams are thinly sown;
 These are a large black, or brown, or blae,
 Well bush'd with hackles like the bee,
 Your toils with sport will crown.

The minew trolling next takes place,
 The minew deck'd with silver grace,
 A trout destroying bait:
 Of these the evening before,
 Lay in a full sufficient store,
 And fish till midnight late.

'Tis troll'd or up or down the stream,
 As to the angler right shall seem;
 Though cross the stream is best;

In summer, 'gin to troll at seven,
Nor end until the hour eleven
Has hush'd all earth to rest.

The trouts upon the minnow prey,
In spring and autumn all the day,
The time for trolling right;
But in July, or May, or June,
When streams are shallow, prey alone
On minnow in the night.

In eddies too, when the stream's course
Bends downwards, with resistless force,
And its white waves flow high :
Then, with the minnow you may troll,
And the large plummet slowly roll,
The graveley bottom nigh.

For in a flood the trouts retire,
The river's edges always nigher,
T' avoid its rapid sway :
And near the bottom feed about,
For from their lodge the flood turns out
The worms and other's prey.

Hence, when fall'n low each swol'n pool,
 The trouts are what we call flood full,
 And gorg'd with plenteous food :
 Which in the eddies best they find,
 And calmer sides, as left behind,
 The headlong flowing flood.

Thus, after storms large crowds we view,
 Form'd of the plund'ring fisher crew,
 A mercenary swarm,
 Watching the wreck's dispersing store,
 Toss'd by the tides upon the shore ;
 Themselves secure from harm.

The minnow, when the river's fraught
 With waves, is rarely to be caught,
 And shy to take the bait :
 Fed with the dainties of the flood,
 Dried herring skins are therefore good,
 This lure to imitate.

For this a long shank'd hook you chuse,
 And sheep's wool for the stuffing use,
 Which forms the size and shape ;

Round this you lap a double cone,
From herring's belly cut alone,
The minnow's exact ape.

Or let your salted minnows lie
In heaps, that they may slowly dry,
They'll serve as bait a week :
They serve in floods to troll for trout,
Nor these should anglers be without,
Or have them then to seek.

Or when the minnow's not at hand,
Such eels as fisher's catch in sand,
To take the tribe marine ;
(The silver sand eel call'd,) procure,
And thus apply th' trout t' allure,
When pinch'd with hunger run.

As the stream's deep or shallow, choose
The largest of your stock, or those
That are of smallest size ;
Sever the head, to which apply
A proper length of tail, which try,
'Twill take the scaly prize.

Next in July, or June, or May,
 The branling will the trouts betray,
 And quickly fill your creel ;
 When every stream is very low,
 And the weak wave can scarcely flow,
 The trouts keen hunger feel.

Then, like the daring bull dog, they
 Dart at and seize the reptile prey,
 Too late find out the snare ;
 For use such tackle as is fine,
 Also employ the longest line,
 And fish with single hair.

Or up the stream, or down, or cross,
 The angler may his branling toss,
 Though up we mostly throw ;
 Because if streams are now so clear,
 That you must to the fish appear,
 If you should toss below.

For up the stream the trout's head lies,
 That he may watch the floating flies,
 As down the streams they flow ;

Therefore ~~avoid to let them see~~
 Your ~~near approach~~, lest they should flee,
 And ~~wisely shun~~ their foe.

Your branling will, when troll'd about,
 Like minnow take the hungry trout,
 And catch his watchful eye;
 For trolling makes the worm appear
 To great advantage, in the clear
 Bright waters, where they lie.

These, when the stars no longer shine,
 With first Aurora use till nine,
 Resume your rod at four;
 Your sport pursue till far from sight,
 The sun retir'd bids sable night,
 With all her darkness lower.

At brightest noon beneath the shade,
 The panting trouts are often laid,
 Half cover'd by the stream;
 Sequester'd from the scorching heat,
 There you may use your reptile bait,
 And make your pannier team.

When in the shades you fish, give way,
 And yield the nibbling trout full play,
 Where'er you feel him bite;
 But upwards when your line you throw,
 And down the stream it moves on slow,
 Strike when it stops, hold tight!

Where'er the branling you would try,
 With single hair, long line, like fly,
 The wheel you will not need;
 Fish with a rod, not wond'rous fine,
 Without a wheel, or else your line
 Will through the rings recede.

The white and red worms next take place,
 The white can boast a copper grace,
 The red a rosy bloom,
 When nicely scour'd; these nobly serve,
 As both their colour will preserve,
 And deal to trouts their doom.

Fresh moss, to scour your worms you use,
 Which from the mossie moors you chuse,
 Either the red or white;

Or such as grows 'mong shady trees,
 But which soe'er you use, you squeeze
 The water from it quite.

Ripe salmon raw the trout will lure,
 Which with a little salt you cure,
 But be it gently dried:
 From the full salmon take your spawn,
 This cross the stream like minnow's drawn,
 Or like the branling tried.

More schemes are by ignoble men
 Much us'd, beneath the poet's pen,
 Fit for the poaching tribe;
 But rather cease to flow, my muse,
 Than stoop such abject themes to chuse,
 Or such mean arts describe.

These like the lurking thief betray,
 Fly like the owl from honest day,
 And hide themselves at night;
 In darkest night these best succeed,
 The gloom adapted to the deed,
 And skulk at dawning light.

Though some there are, that boldly dare,
 Like highwaymen, in day appear,
 But like them lie conceal'd,
 From honest eyes and ne'er shew face,
 Till opportunity and place,
 A friendly covert yield.

But first we'll memorandums make,
 Before we leave the trout and take
 A farewell last survey ;
 For we have now with care enroll'd
 All the grand arts, that sportsmen hold,
 As honest as the day.

That trouts in different seasons feed,
 At different times by all's agreed ;
 Which rightly not to know,
 Is, as without th' illumin'd spark,
 Of lamp, to grope amidst the dark,
 The road where you're to go.

•
 In early spring they only rise,
 Between eleven and two at flies,
 When sol the river warms ;



Then thro' each stream, with bubbling noise
And eager search, the trout enjoys
The flies' descending swarms.

In later spring they 'gin t' appear
'Bout nine, the water's surface near,
To watch the dropping fly ;
For then with eager search they crave,
This fav'rite food in midway wave,
Which thence they quickest 'spy.

Between eleven and twelve they sound
A general retreat around,
And to their hold retire ;
Nor can the mimic fly destroy,
Or e'er the station'd trout decoy,
Until the time expire.

Then about two they 'gin to play,
And wanton round in search of prey,
Make the still river crawl :
As when a shower of heavy rain,
Spoils th' smooth water's glassy plain,
That yields unto its fall.

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At length their feeding time is o'er,
 And ends a little after four,
 When flies to most retreat;
 But as the spring rolls on 'tis longer,
 When sol moves higher, flies are stronger,
 'Gins sooner and ends late.

Again in summer months they rise,
 Right early in the morn at flies,
 Or take the reptile prey:
 In the cool morn at three begin,
 Nor end till nine or ten between,
 According to the day.

And then again at five, they take
 The lure, nor to their station make
 Till near eleven at night;
 But change of weather may cut short,
 Or may prolong the time for sport,
 Which trial tells you right.

Eden for ever will abound
 In trout, if on its banks are found,
 Large woods the flies to breed;

**Large woods to check the fisher's skill,
In woods for who can fish at will,
Or as in plains succeed.**

**Six or eight weeks beyond the rest,
The year-old trouts will stand the test
Of autumn's pinching cold ;
For these from spawning yet are clear,
Enjoy in ample health this year,
As we're by record told.**

**When the wind's high, rough flies you chuse,
When the day's calm the smooth one's use,
Each, in such weather best ;
When the day's clear a darker fly,
When dark, a lighter one you try,
Let thus each kind be dress'd.**

**Of the same sort, one dozen flies,
Will serve th' adventurer that tries
His fortune for the day :
Three rough, threesmooth, three dark, three light,
But when two different flies are right,
Two dozen take away.**

Trust not in spring to single hair;
 But rather for your fly prepare,
 Three that are small and round;
 For oft the kipper salmon take
 Trout fly, and 'mong them havock make,
 Then in the streams abound.

The waters now are not so clear,
 As to require a single hair,
 But tackle strong and good:
 For, at this season, largest trout
 Leave the deep pools, and roam about
 Through streams, in search of food.

In spring the gentlest streams you seek,
 For then the trouts are always weak,
 And hither all resort;
 Or at the foot of one that's strong,
 The feeble trouts will often throng,
 And these afford much sport.

But in the summer when they're strong,
 'Tis e'er the briskest streams along,
 Where the wave boils up high:

In the deep torrent's rugged course,
 Where it rolls on with boist'rous force,
 There will the largest lie.

Fish not in pools, but when the wind
 Its deep impressions leaves behind,
 And makes their waves roll high :
 Which, if but calm and slightly hurls
 The heavy wave along in curls,
 Then lightly drop your fly.

To every fly make cocking wings,
 Except what from the sand bed springs,
 Whose wings lie flat along :
 For this ne'er mounts in air, but dives
 Across the deep for sport, and lives
 The sandy shores among.

This rule in trout flies be your guide,
 From nature's footsteps never slide,
 But follow close her track ;
 Revers'd in salmon flies your skill,
 Nature unites with art at will,
 Just as the fish will take.

The parts that form the shape and size
 Of all the different sorts of flies,
 That lure the cautious trout,
 Are first the ribs, the wings, the head,
 Which to a proper body wed,
 The tail will do without.

Upwards not far, and cross the stream,
 Your trout fly throw, and let it swim
 Downwards, and cross again :
 For the right natural-fly that takes,
 Hops never near the edge, but makes
 Adown the watery plain.

Kind nature thus with tender care,
 Throws more within his reach such fare,
 As the shy trout approves :
 And not to cloy his subtile fast,
 Aside the cheap neglected rest,
 From his nice eye removes.

The fly whose season's gone, oft pours
 Upon the streams in crowding showers,
 Which not a trout will own ;

But then with curious watchful eye,
You'll find amongst them some new fly,
That will your labours crown.

Quickly successive different flies,
In a warm season will surprise,
The angler unprepar'd;
For when the spring's cold ripping breeze,
Snubs their first budding parent trees,
It checks the insect herd.

Some kinds among the water flies,
There are, at which the trout ne'er rise,
Which here we sha'n't describe;
Kind nature thus with bounteous will,
Blinding mankind, lest they should kill
Too much the scaly tribe.

In season right each hardy fly,
The angler's creel will best supply;
When north or east winds blow:
For be the weather what it will,
The proper hardy fly will kill
When streams are free from snow.

When in strong streams where large trouts lie,
 You fish, there briskly play your fly,
 At which they boldly bound ;
 So furious at the pitfall's bait,
 The lion springs, but finds too late,
 His prison in the ground.

But when for trouts of smaller size
 You try, then slowly play your flies
 The gentle streams along ;
 As Fabius, by delays brought low,
 Reduced to total overthrow,
 The Carthaginian throng.

A hollow brae, or large tree root,
 Or tumbling stones, are rare without
 Trouts of the largest size :
 When drought each stream has dwindl'd low,
 There lightly your clear branling throw,
 Thence hawl the scaly prize.

Then a long shallow stony pool,
 With some few deeps, is mostly full
 Of trouts, from streams retir'd ;

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Heer with the branding you will find,
When briskly blows the upland wind,
Fresh sport till you are tir'd!

Such streams as have a gravel bed,
Are gentle and are amply clad
With tumbling stones all o'er;
These both in spring, and if they're deep,
In summer too, are sure to keep
Of trout a plenteous store.

Let trout-fly dubbing always be
Compos'd as colours right agree,
Of short and thickly hair:
With shorter soft hair close combin'd,
The colours as requir'd well join'd,
Which you before prepare.

Below a stream and oft above,
A straggling stone by torrents drove,
Presents a curl below:
There or the branding, or the fly,
As you shall either chuse to try,
You may with success throw.

Still many fine spun schemes there are,
 To take the river's funny cares
 'Mong which the midges shine;
 But when these dwarfs of nature reign,
 The maggot or the wrangling then
 Will best employ your time.

The salmon next my pen employs,
 Source of the grand tumultuous joys,
 That none but anglers know:
 For him the various flies we'll tell
 The various lures that most excel,
 Spread death where'er they go.

Salmon with early spring come in,
 In their ripe season first begin,
 When the hills cast their snow:
 When genial rains from frost severe,
 And chilling snow the rivers clear,
 And bid the green herb grow.

Their season ends, when the gay mead
 Beneath the mower's scythe gins shed
 Her grassy honours due:

Winter still July adorns the face
 Of pregnant earth, in noblest grace,
 Each annual review.

Nature's attentive care you'll find,
 Alike to trout and salmon kind,
 In granting various food;
 The less confined is mimic art,
 Here apes not nature's every part,
 Nor follows close her road.

The angler for the salmon tries,
 A larger gaudier race of flies
 Than those to trout assign'd:
 Their ampler size a fuller fare,
 Requiring and more beauteous care
 Of nature ever kind.

Bees, wasps, and larger humble bees,
 Hornets and moths, and beetles please,
 The salmon's greedy eye:
 At hairy worms and butterflies,
 Of every kind they'll also rise,
 And at the dragon fly.

But first the skin flies (masterpieces
Of art!) your rod and line release,
From long inactive rest :

This is the infant salmon fry,
Which like a minnow you must try,
'Mong flies the first and best

This like the minnow's make make
With short stump wings of mottled make,
Which for its fins serve well:
Or, from the haddock's back the skins
Of sable hue, shape like a fin,
It will not fail t' excel.

Next to this fly dependence place,
On the large humble bee's gay race,
The salmon's dreadful foe :
With these you always will succeed,
When from the mud your streams are freed,
And when the river's low.

For when the river's deep and white,
The gaudiest colours then unite,
And from the largest flies

Always across the stream the day,
When light make dark, when dark make gay,
When deep enlarge their size.

But here, before we farther go,
The many different parts we'll shew,
That form the salmon fly;
Lest the blind novice toil in vain,
Unravel all his flies again,
And fruitless methods try.

The single body, wings and head,
To hackles and a tail right wed,
One sort of fly compose;
Or double body mightly grac'd,
With hackles 'twixt the ribs well plac'd,
Their various texture shews.

But in the latter sort ne'er fail,
To make the body next the tail,
Much smaller than the other;
Unless it be in gaudiest flies,
Then it may nearly reach the size
Of th' above elder brother.

Always as darker grow your flies,
 So let the second body's size
 Accordingly decrease
 Shorter and shorter let it be,
 Till in the flies of least degree
 In a mere tail it cease.

And when your flies are very small,
 Remove bright ribs, gay colours all,
 Unless their tail t' adorn :
 For in all salmon flies we find,
 And most the humble bee's gay kind,
 That tails are ever worn.

Again your apparatus here,
 Shall in its order all appear ;
 This must be cull'd with skill :
 Before the various parts you join,
 Or rude materials combine,
 The scaly clans to kill.

For wings dark mottl'd drake ne'er fail,
 Or tame or wild, and turkey tail,
 That's slightly tipp'd with white ;

Or turkey widely ribb'd with brown,
 And buzzard red with guinea crown,
 The feather'd cargo quite.

Then a large stock of black dog hair,
 With hackles from the cock prepare,
 White, red, and brown, and black :
 With seal hair yellow dyed and blue,
 Orange and red, and every hue,
 That salmon eager take.

And first in early spring you try,
 When the stream's deep, a gaudy fly,
 One of the largest size :
 Of which with care well you describe,
 Of salmon flies the largest tribe,
 At which they eager rise.

On the same hook an equal share
 Of black and orange you prepare,
 To form this double fly :
 The black a hackle black will crown,
 The orange best a hackle brown,
 A yellow tail apply.



Brown turkey wings full tipp'd with white,
And yellow shoulders last unite,
With hackle black combin'd:
Or let the yellow shoulder be
Grounded with black, 'twill right agree,
To form this fly you'll find:

A large black body next is worn,
With hackles black gold ribs adorn,
Black turkey tipp'd with white;
One third its length of orange hue,
Hackl'd with brown, and yellow true;
Its tail will form aright:

Black hackle, body large and black,
To which one third its length you make,
A yellow dress'd with brown
Hackle, to which black turkey wing,
That's slightly tipp'd with white in spring,
The angler's toils will crown.

Alike siz'd bodies black and brown,
The last a hackle brown is known,
The first a black t' adorn:

To which a yellow tail you join,
 It serves when streams though deep are fine,
 Red buzzard wings are worn.

The following six black bodies large,
 With hackles black, the scaly charge,
 With equal art expose :
 Their orange halves and yellow crown,
 Always with dyed cock hackle brown,
 Which we'll describe no more.

The first gold ribs, dark mottl'd drake,
 To which one fourth of yellow make,
 A yellow tail unite ;
 The next one fourth of orange bears,
 Brown turkey wings it also wears,
 That's tipp'd with black and white.

The next gold rib with turkey black,
 That's tipp'd with white, the white root make,
 One fourth of yellow join :
 The next black turkey tipp'd with white,
 To which a yellow fifth unite,
 And orange tail combine.

The next a fifth of yellow shews,
 Black turkey tipp'd with white compose,
 Its fatal killing wing :
 Then ribs of gold, dark wings of drake,
 To which an orange fifth will make,
 A killing fly in spring.

Ten middle salmon flies take place,
 And with less pomp, more modest grace,
 In later spring appear ;
 Apply the hackles as before,
 Of which we'll make no mention more,
 Recital dulls the ear !

Large bodies black the following four
 Have, with black hackle cover'd o'er,
 Of which no notice here :
 First yellow third, and yellow tail,
 Brown turkey tipp'd with white ne'er fail
 To make its worth appear.

Next black and brown fleck'd turkey shew,
 With yellow third a powerful foe,
 Round orange tail adjoin'd ;

Then turkey fleck'd with black and brown,
Which with a yellow fourth will crown,
The angler's toils he'll find.

Round orange tail one fourth the same,
Without a hackle spreads her fame,
Dark wings of drake prevail :
The following three have bodies black,
The first dark wings of mottl'd drake,
Of orange a round tail.

The next dark mottl'd drake wings grace,
Whereon round yellow tail you place,
No double bodies here ;
The last with yellow tail that's round,
Whose mottl'd drake wings often sound
Stern death's approach too near.

Black body next with hackle brown,
A gaudy orange tail her own,
Her wings of teal ne'er fail :
Then body brown and hackle black,
Of turkey black and brown wings make,
Conclude with yellow tail.

Last yellow body hackle black,
 Round tail of gaudy orange make,
 Black turkey tipp'd with white :
 And now small salmon flies take place,
 Of which the parts of four we'll trace,
 And end the salmon flight.

Brown hackle, body black will take,
 With orange tail, dark mottl'd drake,
 Such as for gilse the hook :
 Brown body, hackle black adjoin'd,
 Dark teal, round orange tail combin'd,
 Large salmon oft have took.

Black body, hackle black may grace,
 Round orange tail, the next in place,
 Dark mottl'd wings of drake ;
 Then tipp'd with white black turkey's worn,
 Black body hackles black adorn,
 Round yellow tail for't make.

The humble bee's gay race excel
 All other flies, and answers well
 The angler's year around ;

Therefore in silence will we pass,
 The flies of every other class,
 That on the streams abound.

For what's not needful shall not here,
 By long description interfere,
 To tire the reader's eye :
 We'll such successful methods tell,
 In practice, as ne'er fail t' excel,
 The rest with hints pass by.

As, with the minnow's silver grace,
 You try t' allure the trout's shy race,
 By trolling cross the stream :
 So, with a trout of smallest size,
 The angler for the salmon tries,
 For sport an ample theme.

Or failing this, the sand eel use,
 Which of the largest sort you chuse,
 Reduce to proper size :
 By taking from the midst a piece,
 For the two halves are join'd with ease,
 At this they'll eager rise.

When at the lure the salmon rise,
 Their plunge imprints a dread surprize,
 And strikes an awful fear ;
 Into a bulge the waters swell,
 And with a grumbling noise foretell,
 Th' approaching salmon near.

They take their prey, then downwards turn,
 Just shew their tails, which lashing spurn
 The deep, as they descend :
 Such was the grumbling noise through air,
 When Pluto came to seize his fair,
 Bade earth in chasms rend.

So Thetis rose to see her son,
 Before beleaguer'd Troy was won ;
 The waves in rising curls,
 The swelling surge bespoke her near,
 And when retiring clos'd the rear,
 With gulping eddying whirls.

When the strong salmon e'er you raise,
 If you'd for dext'rous skill win praise,
 Start not when he is near :

But let him take your fly and turn,
Then sideways strike, in vain he'll spurn,
But upwards strike not e'er.

In pleasant Eden you'll ne'er find,
Good salmon fishing, but in wind,
For here no streams are found :
Unless when in the Weir is made,
A breach by torrents level laid,
And even with the ground.

Then in its rapid streams you try,
With trolling or the bumbee fly,
Adapted to the stream :
And as in Tweed use all your skill,
Trying the likeliest parts at will,
As right to you shall seem.

Near Eden's mouth, where his streams join,
And with the salt wave close combine,
By the tide's boundless sway,
In April, salmon will resort ;
When the tide ebbs afford much sport,
By late or early day.

Hooking, my pen must next employ,
 Sure source of variegated joy,

When the day's calm and bright :
 Then nicely search the salmon's hold,
 Which oft the rising bells unfold,
 And oft the fish in sight.

Then must the waves be wondrous clear,
 Through which the silver fish appear,
 From far unto the eye :
 Which if disturb'd, and move away,
 Quickly retire, their flight they'll stay,
 Return again and lie.

If afar off your salmon lie,
 Then to a shank that's long apply,
 A hook that's large and strong :
 Which, like a fly, with rod and wheel,
 And line when us'd, does often deal
 Death to the silver throng.

And when you use the shank that's long,
 Be the end hoop'd to make it strong,
 There let a hole be made :

In this you fix your hook, whose stay
Is not long there, but slides away,
With the swift fish betray'd.

But if they lie near hand, then chuse
A short small hazel, which you use,
Unto the hook well tied :
This, when the fish is tir'd, will pop
Above the circling wave its top,
The humbler of his pride.

Where e'er you chuse, you need not fail
To hook the fish, or in the tail,
Or back, or fins, or head :
But in the belly if he's caught,
Or near the heart, your sport is nought,
For then he'll soon be dead.

If through his heart, with aukward hand,
Your hook you draw, awhile he'll stand
Stunn'd with the deadly blow :
Then, like the lightning's rapid course,
Springs forward with resistless force,
But soon yields to his foe.

H

In April, or the month of May,
The salmon smelts with boundless sway,
Possess the river round :
When these have gain'd an ample size,
Reach'd near the sea, then gaudy flies
To take them best are found.

These within half-a-year become
The well siz'd gilse, though you'll find some
That floods have left behind,
Ne'er reach the size of gilse, because
Their spawning far out-stretch'd the laws
Prescrib'd the salmon kind.

These, when the floods come seldom down,
In swarming multitudes are sown,
Where dams the waves back turn :
And, if 'tis long before they gain
Their annual visit to the main,
As whitlings they return.

The gilse, when salmon 'gin to spawn,
And from their silver hue are fall'n,
To that of russet brown :

The gilse in order then take place,
 About July, for silver grace,
 And beauteous shape well known.

For these you use the smallest size
 Of the three sorts of salmon flies,
 But dress'd of gaudier hue :
 For which the salmon's largest kind
 Of flies, if mimic'd well, you'll find
 Give satisfaction due.

For gilse, with minnow, or with trout
 Of smallest size, you troll about,
 In the streams rapid sway :
 Or with the sand-eel rightly prun'd,
 Your toil's reward will e'er be found,
 A bright appearing prey.

The whitlings in the streams resort,
 And more or less contribute sport,
 The angler's year around :
 These, when they're hook'd, form many a ring
 Around you, and with action spring
 From out the river bound.

Dress'd on a branling hook will do,
 The salmon flies of every hue,
 That we've above display'd ;
 These on the hook all fish excel,
 At the rich banquet bear the bell,
 To epicures convey'd.

And last we'll mention once for all,
 That whether middle, great, or small,
 Flies you shall ever use:
 Or for the salmon strong, or else
 For whitling, or the silver gilse,
 The humble bee e'er chuse.

Long practice has its merit prov'd,
 A fly by anglers well belov'd,
 Dread foe to salmon kind !
 Though many other flies take place,
 That lure the salmon's silver race,
 But this the best we find.

Next the voracious pyke takes place,
 The greediest of the river's race,
 Wolf of the river height:

For him the various flies we'll shew,
 The various lures that best they know,
 And chiefly take their sight.

For him these mimic flies you chuse,
 The duckling, goldfinch, or the mouse,
 Moth, frog, or butterfly :
 Or with the gaudiest wings combine
 Hackles, with various hues that shine,
 To which gay tails apply.

All the young nestlings of each kind
 Of fowls, which on the banks you find,
 Of rivers, build and breed :
 For oft, in winds wrought up, the air
 Dislodges their young tender care,
 On which pyke eager feed.

For pyke the following wings you use,
 And to each fly, as you shall chuse,
 Adapt them with just skill :
 The ends of peacock, bittern, drake,
 Turkey and pheasant, hawk, and make
 A gaudy tail at will.

The tail of goldfinch or the jay,
 Green, blue, or red cock hackles gay,
 Or yellow answer right :
 Peacock, woodcock, or the rail,
 Gorecock, or pheasant, or the quail,
 Or turkey tipp'd with white.

The duckling's body yellow wool,
 Its back with small drake feathers full,
 For wings light mottl'd drake :
 Its yellow belly mind leave bare,
 With a small drake set here and there,
 The duckling fly will make.

The mouse with hawk wide ribb'd with blue,
 For wings, its tail of sadder hue,
 Form'd of a black and brown :
 With double cone of mouse skin make
 Its body, which the pyke will take,
 With eager eye is known.

Gudgeon and minnow too, like fly,
 Or trout, or sand-eel, you may try ;
 But when they take, give way :

And let them to their holds retreat,
 There let them all their plunder eat,
 Completely gorge their prey.

Then from his hold the victim hawl,
 And, to his aid lest he should call
 The neighbouring roots around ;
 Keep a look out with watchful eye,
 For he'll each likely effort try,
 E'er he be vanquish'd found.

But would'st thou have thy bait last long,
 Uninjur'd by the biting throng?
 Employ the river eel ;
 Which you must e'er divide in two,
 Whose strong tough skin of silver hue,
 Their bites will scarcely feel.

For eels your numerous night lines lay,
 When sol retreating hides the day,
 In clouds and sable night :
 For these strong tackle you prepare,
 Or wire or links of horses' hair,
 Which do not twist too tight.

But, lest the eager trout you take,
 And 'mong their breeders havock make,
 Apply the following bait :
 Or limpets from some rocky shore,
 Or silver sand-eels in large store,
 For eels a noble treat.

And, when the sand-eel e'er you use,
 Those of the smallest size you chuse,
 And thus with skill prepare ;
 As 'tis in length so you divide,
 Or into three or four, beside,
 The head not worth your care.

Where Eden joins the briny flood,
 There flounders that delight in mud,
 Or sand to hide their head,
 In endless multitudes resort ;
 When flows the tide afford much sport,
 If right your lines are laid.

Of these some adepts six employ,
 With each twelve hooks ; and to decoy,
 The flounder sand-eels try ;

Or the small whiting thus prepar'd,
 First split, then into inches shar'd,
 Either of which apply.

And as the tide still higher flows,
 Still higher the adventurer goes,
 And upwards briskly roves;
 For e'er the last is rightly laid,
 The first its proper time has staid,
 Which higher he removes.

But, with least labour, best reward,
 To full one hundred yards tie hard
 A buoy at each extreme;
 Then hook and bait it well, and throw,
 When the rude tide begins to flow,
 The whole into the stream.

You will in southern rivers find,
 Instead of trout full many a kind,
 Inhabit their slow waves;
 These with their numbers ('mong the rest,)
 Crowd Isis, loveliest nymph and best!
 These with her weeds she saves.

'Mong which the chub (for size the chief)
 Beneath a bush seeks dear relief
 From toil, by sluggish rest :
 Or at the tail of some high weed,
 You'll often find him on his feed,
 For him the black fly's best.

The chub affords but little play,
 And all his strength soon falls away,
 Though 't first he struggles hard :
 For you must keep him from the weed,
 Where he'll attempt to hide his head,
 And 'gainst his efforts ward.

And next the barbel, cowardly fin!
 Is sure to hide himself within
 Some hollow brae's recess:
 Thence may the diver hawl the spoil,
 Reward with multitudes his toil,
 And all his labours bless.

The well arm'd perch you'll next allure,
 With worm, which in clean moss you scour,
 With sheet lead next your hook ;

This through the opening weed you drop,
 Upwards by turns and downwards pop,
 By which they're easiest took.

Perch, in black waters best you find,
 And ditches that are left behind

The overflowing flood :
 There near the banks among the weed,
 This cowardly tribe securely feed
 On worms or other food.

The dace, with black midge, next is caught,
 With which the Isis is full fraught,

But chuse a windy day :
 No other fish will here take fly,
 Though you may still successful try,
 Their other fav'rite prey.

The roach you'll take with unbak'd bread,
 Or paste stain'd with vermillion red,

The pea's near shape and size :
 This 'mong them will destruction make,
 And when they're in the humour take
 The silver scaly prize.

Next the small blay in silver grace,
 Cloaths Isis with her numerous race,
 And floats the surface near;
 These with the maggot are allur'd,
 With wheaten bran and egg's yolk cur'd,
 The maggots best appear.

But when for roach or blay you try,
 Th' alluring mock-bait first apply,
 For blay loose grains you throw:
 For roach with clay combine your grains,
 Thus your lure easier attains,
 His gloomy lodge below.

The ruff you take like perch with worm,
 This boasts the perch's perfect form,
 But not its beautiful hue:
 For in the muddiest pools 'tis found,
 And takes its colour from the ground,
 In taste excell'd by few.

In grav'ly bottoms next you try,
 (Here the nice gudgeons always lie)
 With worms well scour'd with moss:

Your line must have the plummet's weight,
By which you drag the reptile bait,
The grav'lly bottom cross.

In Isis ne'er a trout they know,
Its sluggish waves to trouts a foe ;
The pyke too here abound,
To trouts an enemy ; though here,
The straggling trouts sometime appear,
From neighbouring ponds around.

Here nature's care we plainly trace,
She guards impartial every race
That haunts the rivers deep :
Bids the gay trout seek safe resource,
In the swift stream's resistless force,
And there his station keep.

Bids almost every other kind
In the moist sluggish waters find,
Secure desir'd retreat ;
There on the unmolested weed,
They lay their too defenceless seed,
To trouts a tempting bait.

Bids the swift trout by instinct chase,
 Lest her lov'd offspring she would loose,
 The gravel-bed's recess :
 There her ripe spawn she hides secure,
 Her well-fledg'd multitudes thence pour,
 And all her labours bless.

For should not trouts their embryo hide,
 In the deep grav'llly bed's inside,
 The streams would wash't away :
 And should they haunt the sluggish wave,
 The other tribes would never save
 Their spawn, to trouts a prey.

Salmon and trout alike conceal
 Their helpless spawn, lest it should feel
 Th' effects of hunger keen ;
 For both respectively will prey,
 On their own spawn if wash'd away,
 And if by either seen.

Hence in still ponds trouts never breed,
 Unable to preserve their seed,
 From each rapacious trout :

For here no grav'ly beds are found,
 Being mostly form'd in clayey ground,
 Where soon the spawn's found out.

All pyke arts have before been drawn,
 Except that when they go to spawn,
 They bask the surface nigh:
 Then may the skilful marksman kill,
 The pyke, with dext'rous eye at will,
 When as asleep they lie.

The cast net here gives ample sport,
 Where gather'd fish in crowds resort,
 At many a place are us'd ;
 For, with the angle here and fly,
 With almost endless toil you try,
 Your patience quite abus'd.

In rapid Swale though sown but thin,
 I've seen the burbot, curious fin!
 The slipp'ry eel's compeer,
 Like her in every thing but shape,
 These from the angler's arts escape,
 But the sly night lines fear.

The graylings too in Swale resort,
 Give to the angler plenteous sport,
 If he right flies prepare :
 But in the Humber most abound,
 From whence another name they've found,
 And are the umber's there.

The various tackle next we'll shew,
 Which every angler ought to know,
 To make his stock complete :
 For he, who on another's skill
 Depends, will ne'er his quota kill,
 Nor compass wonders great.

In the ox bladder's large recess,
 Hoard all your implements, that dress
 Your flies, and every lure :
 Feathers and dubbings, hooks and hair,
 There they'll be preserv'd with care,
 Rude time's attacks endure.

Round hairs for fishing always chase,
 For flat ones stubbornly refuse,
 To join in friendship's tie.

And when us'd single, glittering shew
 Too much the chrystal wave below,
 Unto the trout's nice eye.

To stain white hairs a water blae,
 These two ingredients right agree,
 In just proportion join'd :
 Litharge and argal two to one,
 Smooth marble pulveriz'd upon,
 By boiling well, combin'd.

You may in equal shares, these two
 Combine, with full two quarts they'll do,
 Of water soft and clean ;
 This mixture boil your hairs among,
 As you shall chuse, or short or long,
 Or these extremes between.

When for the salmon you shall try,
 Either by trolling, or the fly,
 Where braes on either hand
 Prevent your landing to a yard;
 Of hazel a large hook tie hard,
 To pluck your fish to land.

Thus too a landing net apply,
 When for the cautious trout you try,
 Unto a shaft that's short:
 About the midst of which you bind
 A leather belt, which sling behind
 Your shoulder, when you sport.

Your angles e'er must painted be,
 Lest their light colour fish should see,
 And fly whene'er they move :
 Lest frequent damps the wood should taint,
 And rot the lapping, 'gainst which paint
 A barrier sure will prove.

Brown umber, vitriol-white, red-lead,
 Which levigate apart, then wed
 With oil, and mix them well :
 This forms the first ; when ivory black,
 Red-lead, and vitriol-white, will make
 The second paint excel.

Would you in mossy streams pursue
 Your sport ? white hairs of chesnut hue,
 The walnut buds will stain :

Which as you'd light or dark prepare,
 In the boil'd mixture let your hair
 Or short or long remain.

Last, if for skill you'd raise your name,
 And wish to be enroll'd by fame,
 A matchless artist height :
 Let the true angle be your care,
 For with bad rods you'll poorly fare,
 That do not spring aright.

For this our native holm tree use,
 Which free from knots be sure to chuse,
 A thing not easy found :
 In quarter cleft this must be sawn,
 And then together closely drawn,
 With cordage all around.

When thus its laid a year, reduce
 The whole to planks, that it to use
 The sooner be prepar'd :
 Another year will season quite,
 And bring your planks to temper right,
 When they may all be squar'd.

Let your holm planks adapted be,
 Respectively to each degree
 Of thickness, as design'd :
 Whether for branling or the fly,
 Or for the gilse or whitling try,
 Or for the salmon kind.

Or quarter and half, or half alone,
 And 'tween the half and quarter one,
 Or e'en a quarter draw,
 Or the whole inch ; though when but green
 Your holly, cut the inch between,
 Or inch or two inch saw.

When an inch plank or square you'd saw,
 A two inch line you first must draw,
 Which after cut between ;
 And thus divide, letting each end
 Differ in thickness, for which tend
 Your line from off the mean.

When all your squares are ripe for use,
 The largest into small reduce,
 As each your rods shall need ;

Square out the whole with justest art,
 That to advantage every part
 May as you'd wish succeed.

Your tops you may with little pain,
 Rightly reduce with the flat plain,
 Of every proper size :
 Then the four angles with a file,
 He may reduce, who carefully toil,
 And steady hand applies.

Your bottoms next of knotless fir,
 Whose straight grain'd planks you chuse with care,
 And cut with sloping skill :
 For thus you save your wood, though saw
 Uneven breadths, which you may draw,
 For various use at will.

You need not here the file apply,
 To make the angles smoothly lie,
 Flat plains are us'd alone :
 From the low root your slope begin,
 Which, and the top where join'd, let in,
 Their thickness both be one.

Last finish down the whole with reed,
 Which far excels the marshy breed
 Of plants, for roughest skin ;
 Though be your joints well form'd and glued,
 And well adapted all your wood,
 E'er the fine work begin.

And now we've told each various part
 Of angling, and display'd each art
 That thins the watery plain :
 Thanks ! gentle Naïds, for your aid,
 And thou, fair muse, propitious maid !
 Thy liberty regain.



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